

narrow piece of land, which was almost surrounded by a deep pond, and a great mercy it was that he was not drowned. Our traveller immediately ran to him, conducted him in safety out of his danger, and, after putting him in his right road, left him, and pursued his journey, while the poor blind man called upon heaven to reward so sweet and good a youth.

“He again pursued his journey, and at last reached the village he was going to. Having there finished the business he went about, he prepared to return home; but he had lost so much time in assisting the different objects he had met with, that he feared it would be night before he could reach home. However, he submitted himself to the protection of God, not doubting of his goodness.”

As this pretty story was a long one, Mr. Stubbs proposed to put off the remainder to the next day; but, for the present,

present, wished to know what were the opinions of our little moralists concerning it.

Amintor observed, that there was a great difference between this sweet pretty traveller and the naughty boy whose history they had before read; that they thought that nothing in this life could afford so great a pleasure as that of doing good to each other. It always came to the heart, when he saw the boys quarrel, as it could proceed from the violence of an unruly temper, and he was still more vexed, when he saw them neglect the opportunity which often happened of relieving the weak and hungry.

Pretty Florella said, that she thought the dear little traveller would grow safe, as it was out of tenderness that he had exposed himself to inconvenience. Had he not stopped to feed the dog and the ass, and to